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Morning

Glories.

BY JOSIE D. (HENDERSON) HEARD,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.





Dedication.



*To my devoted Husband, is this little
Book lovingly Dedicated:*

GOD SPEED! Say I, and all Good Cheer,
May fair winds fill thy sails—
Go proudly on thy Mission sent,
Fearless of adverse gales.

J. D. H. H.



Entered, According to Act of Congress, in the Year 1890, by

JOSIE D. (HENDERSON) HEARD,

OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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*Truly Yours,
Josie D. Henderson Heard.*

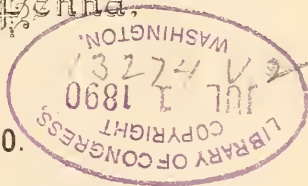
MORNING + GLORIES

—BY—

JOSEPHINE D. (HENDERSON) HEARD,

Philadelphia, Penna.

MARCH 17, 1890.



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PREFACE.

Dear Friends:

Will you accept a Bunch of "MORNING GLORIES," freshly plucked and with the Dew Drops still upon them? Coming, as they do, from a heart that desires to encourage and inspire the youth of the Race to pure and noble motives, to cheer the aged, may they find a welcome beside the Brothers and Sisters, in prose and poetry, which already adorn your homes.

THE AUTHOR.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 1890.

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HISTORICAL SKETCH

—OF THE—

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

M^{RS.} JOSIE D. (HENDERSON) HEARD was born in Salisbury, North Carolina, October 11th, 1861. Her parents, Lafayette and Annie M. Henderson, though slaves, were nominally free, being permitted to hire their time and live in another City, Charlotte, North Carolina.

At an early age, Josephine displayed her literary taste, and aptness to perform upon almost any musical instrument. As early as five years of age she could read, and was a source of general comfort to the aged neighbors, delighting to read the Scriptures to them.

She received her education in the schools at Charlotte, and having passed through them with credit, was sent to the Scotia Seminary at Concord, North Carolina, spending several years there. Her desire was to reach even a higher plain, and she was next sent to Bethany Institute, New York, passing with honors from its walls. She commenced teaching in the State which gave her birth; then in the State of South Carolina, at Maysville, Orangeburg and finally in Tennessee, at Covington, near Memphis.

In October, 1881, she became acquainted with the Rev. W. H. HEARD, (now Presiding Elder of the Lancaster District, Philadelphia Conference,) who was then in the

U. S. R. Mail Service; and they were happily united in the Bonds of Matrimony in the year 1882.

Mrs. Heard evinced a fondness for poetry, and during her school days contributed to several leading evangelical periodicals. After her marriage she was encouraged by the Rt. Rev. Benj. Tucker Tanner, Rt. Rev. B. W. Arnett, and many other friends to give more time to it. At their solicitations she has ventured to bring to light these verses. She has some musical talent, having composed and written a piece of music which was played at the New Orleans Exposition, and which elicited much comment from the Democratic Press of the South.

W. H. H.

INTRODUCTION.

BISHOP BENJ. TUCKER TANNER, D.D.

That he somewhat influenced the publication of "MORNING GLORIES," gives the writer real pleasure ; which is enhanced by the thought that he gladly accepted the invitation to write the Introduction.

For quite a quarter of a century, he has had much to do with the literary life of the people with whom he is especially identified ; as that life manifested itself in the production of papers, of monthly or quarterly magazines, of pamphlets and of books. He rejoices in the great progress made, both in quantity and quality. When he may be said to have begun his public literary career in 1868, there was scarcely more than two or three papers published by colored men. There are now quite as many hundred. Of magazines, there was none, now there are four. Of pamphlets, upon very rare occasions, one was now and then issued. Now they appear, as do the leaves of autumn. And the same is true of books. A quarter of a century ago, a colored author was indeed a *rara avis*. Not so now, however, such individuals are fairly numerous.

What is true of the colored literature of the country, as to quantity, is equally true as to quality. On this score the most rapid advancement has also been made. *Incipient scholarship everywhere appearing upon the pages offered the public.*

On the line of Poety, we as a people, give sufficient evidence to show that the Muse is indeed no respecter of persons. That he is equally an admirer of *shade*; and although at times compelled in his approaches to us, to walk in unbeaten paths, yet he condescendingly comes, and inspires a music as sweet as is the wild honey of unkept hives. If any doubt, let him read, "MORNING GLORIES," to which these lines are to serve as an introduction. In rigid versification, the lines herein given, may here and there come short, but for brightness of imagination, for readiness of expression, and now and then for delicateness of touch, they are genuinely poetical ; clearly evincing a talent of no mean order.

We would wish that "MORNING GLORIES" might be received in the houses of our millions; showing thereby the party of the second part among us, stands ready to support the party of the first part, in all that tends to redeem the good name of the Race.

.

PART II.—MUSINGS

RETROSPECT.

I SAT alone at my window,
While the pattering raindrops brought
Along with their music upon the roof,
A lengthy train of thought.
I stepped aboard of it quickly,
And rapidly on I sped,
Away to the scenes of my childhood days.
I followed where fancy led.
I roamed the fragrant meadow,
And through the silent wood ;
At last I came to the babbling brook,
And sadly there I stood.
Into its clear water gazing
I felt a strange, sweet spell
Enthral my being slowly
As o'er my life it fell.
I saw in the waters merry,
Dear faces of long ago,
That had drifted away on the sea of life,
As the winds blew loud or low.
My brain grew dazed with horror,
And my heart was wrung with pain ;
Some barks were dashed on a rock-bound coast.
They could not return again.

I saw the same old mill-pond,
And beside it the noisy mill,
And once again I heard the bell
Of the old Church on the hill.

There was the dear old School-House,
The scene of my childhood joys,
And in the yard I romped among
The happy girls and boys.

And once again came "May Day,"
When the fields were dressed in green,
And roses shed their rich perfume,
The children crowned me Queen.

I saw again our own sweet home
Half hidden 'mong the trees,
My parents, brothers, sisters and I,
As happy and busy as bees.

Around the door of the homestead,
The sweet Wistaria vines,
And on the old oak in the yard
The clinging ivy twines.

There stands the grim old court-house,
And the Jail with dingy cells,
And on the Church the old town-clock
The fleeting moment tells.

Next I came to the old town Graveyard
And entered with silent tread,
And dropped a tear o'er the grassy grave
Of the peacefully sleeping dead.

TO WHITTIER.

IN childhood's sunny day my heart was taught to love
Thy name, all other poet's names above,
And when to womanhood at last I came,
Behold the spark was fanned into a flame,
Nor did I dare presume that I should live,
And to the honored, white-haired poet give
My sentiment in rude constructed rhyme;
O, wondrous change wrought by the hand of time!

When he who came the slaves among to dwell,
From frigid Idaho (we loved him well),
Athirst for knowledge I stood at his side,
With quickening thought and eyes astonished, wide.
He nightly read, and held me on his knee,
From Whittier's "Snowbound" filling me with glee.
The seed sown by his hand in infant heart,
Has lived and grown, and cannot now depart.

Now to the sunset thou hast set thy face,
And silvery crown thy head doth grace;
The mind of fertile thought doth not decline
Preserved yet from the ravages of time
Since I can never hope my first desire,
To shake thy hand, which would my soul inspire,
Now e're yet "the cord is loosed or pitcher broken,"
Grant me with thine own hand this little token:
Ere yet that hand by feebleness grows lame,
With condescension write for me thy name.

WELCOME TO HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

MT. ZION CHURCH, MARCH 5th. 1888.

OUR hearts are filled with pride to-day—
We hail thee, Noble Sire,
Stern prejudice is swept away
By Freedom's cleansing fire.

And o'er this Southland you may roam,
With ne'er a cause to fear—
We bid thee WELCOME to our home,
Welcome, and right good cheer'!

From rugged Blue Ridge mountain peak,
To ocean's white crest wave :
Even infant lips thy praises speak,
And boast thy deeds so brave.

The bondsman's fetters long since broke
And tossed aside by thee,
Thou hurledst off the *cursed* yoke,
And panted to be free.

We see thee in thy cradle-bed,
Thy mother's pride and joy;
When from oppression's hand you fled,
When but a stripling boy.

Thou, Moses of the negro race,
This day we hail with pride;
The day that brings us face to face,
And Douglass by our side.

We note thy locks have turned to grey,
But note with swelling pride,
For thou hast come a weary way
O'er troubles deep and wide.

God led thee then, and leads thee now,
No longer art thou sad—
And may many years yet crown thy brow,
To make thy people glad.

THE PARTING KISS.

WE were waiting at the station,
Soon the cars would surely start,
Hearts beat high with love's emotion,
For we knew we soon must part.
On dark lashes seemed to glisten
Tiny crystal tear drops shine;
To the fond voice glad I listen,
While dear eyes look into mine.

And the last words quickly spoken,
Darling still to me be true,
Let your promise be unbroken,
For I will be true to you.

Once I felt the soft hand tremble,
And my heart throbbed with its bliss;
Lips that rose-buds did resemble,
Met in one last loving kiss.

Sweet good-bye, do not forget me,
Spoken in the softest tone,
In your mem'ry, precious keep me,
For my love is all your own.
I will ever be brave-hearted—
Nothing shall your love efface;
One last kiss and then we parted,
One last loving, long embrace.

THE QUESTION.

DOES he think of me in the merry throng
Which surrounds his board to-night?
Is his love as true, and his faith as strong,
As it was at this morning's light?
Am I first in his thought: is he still as fond;
And is his heart longing to flee
From its weary thralldom, and burst its bond,
To spend but a moment with me?

Can he look on the faces of women fair,
And turn from them all to me?
From halls where sweet music is filling the air,
Would he come and be happy with me?

From the feast of reason and flow of soul,
And walls resounding with glee;
From the crimson goblet and flowing bowl,
Is he giving one thought to me ?

Ah ! yes, on the wings of the night breeze come
Such tidings of comfort to me.
Rest well, little Queen ! his heart is thy throne,
Who sends this message to thee :
“ Thou need’st not fear, though in gilded halls,
Of pleasure and chivalry,
Thy lover would’st fly from the mirthful walls,
To spend one sweet moment with thee.”

Yes, he thinks of me in the crowded mart,
And the thought cheers him on his way;
I read in his eyes the desire of his heart,
As he passes me day by day.
What more could I ask, what wish while I live,
Than the love he has lavished so free?
This world has no worthier boon to give,
Than my handsome young lover to me.

FAREWELL TO ALLEN UNIVERSITY.“CLASS SONG OF '87.”*“Tune America.”*

WE leave thy courts to-day,
Joyful has been our stay,
Within thy walls.
Hence lie our paths apart,
Tears will unbidden start,
While we with aching heart
Shall leave thy halls.
'Twas here our wont to meet,
Fondly each other greet,
Each rising day.
United prayers ascend
For Teacher, Parent, Friend,
And joyful notes would blend
In tuneful lay.
Bright may thy glories shine,
On all who at thy shrine,
Will meekly stay.
Loudly, thy praises tell!
Loud Hallelujahs swell!
While we on earth shall dwell,
We homage pay.
Dear “Allen,” now to you,
Classmates and Teachers, too.
Farewell is said.
Still on that brighter shore,
When all life's cares are o'er,
We'll meet and part no more,
With Christ our head.

NIGHT.

THE shades of eve are quickly closing in,
And streaks of silver gild the eastern sky,
Belated songsters have their vespers sung
With happy hearts and silvery noted tongue,
The busy world has ceased its toil and din,
And guardian angels now their watch begin.

All nature quiet save the sighing wind,
And distant murmur of the ocean wave,
Which seem engaged a requiem to sing
O'er blighted hopes and expectations grave.
The drooping heart its lonely vigil keeps,
Beside the tomb where proud ambition sleeps.

But memory bids defiance unto sleep,
And from her quiet chamber, see her creep,
Away she flies o'er hill, and dale, and mead,
To find the Sacred City of the dead;
Faint not, nor stops to seek a rest, [breast,
Till pillowed on some loved and lost one's

THE PARTING.

THE die is cast, and we must part,
 Forgive me if I say we must;
 Must make again exchange of heart,
 But never more exchange of trust.
With faces cold and stern must meet,
 While inward fires consume our souls,
Must pass as strangers in the street,
 While o'er our hope the death bell tolls.

We met but a short while ago,
 And all my sky was clouded o'er
You loved, and scattered all my woe,
 Loved as I ne'er was loved before.
You taught my hungry heart to hope,
 And filled love's chalice to the brim,
But hope must now in darkness grope,
 And love's sweet sunshine e'er be dim.

When eventide has wrapped the world,
 In garments of a silvery sheen,
And diamond studded skies unfurled
 Their beauty fair to deck the Queen.
Of night, as she shall joyous ride
 In magic splendor on her way,
Like modest sweet and happy bride,
 All glorious in her perfect sway.

My thoughts unfettered fly to thee,
 Untrammelled by my heart's deep woe,
Though all our actions guarded be,
 Love's tender voice still murmurs low.

And fans the embers into flame,
My heart thrills with its ecstasy
At any mention of thy name
Forgets, and longs to be with thee.
Yet we must smile and kiss the rod,
That strikes the blow and severs us,
Must fix our hope on heaven and God,
Earth's joys are ever severed thus.
Farewell, and though we parted be,
And parting brings us bitter pain,
Someday we shall united be,
For we must hope to live again.
When all our wrongs have righted been,
And crooked paths have been made straight,
When from our joy shall drop the screen,
Which now is hung by cruel fate.
Then the full craving of each heart,
Is granted, we shall happy be
When meeting we shall no more part,
In the blissful realm eternity.

ASSURANCE.

I KNOW that his eyes look into mine,
With a joy tongue cannot tell,
And I drink of the cup of love's sweet wine,
And my heart says, "All is Well."
I know my heart is all my own,
Enchained by love's sweet spell,
That I reign as a Queen on a golden throne,
And my heart says all is well.

HOPE.

HOPE ! Thou vain, delusive maiden,
Every moment cometh laden,
With some fresher, newer fancies,
Which before our vision glances,
Filling hearts already burning
With a deeper, stronger yearning;
Adding fuel to the fires,
Waking all the soul's desires.
Nectar holdeth to our lip,
Yet forbiddeth us a sip.
O, thou lovely, fickle jade,
Fools of men hast ever made.
We thy fleeting footsteps follow,
O'er the mountain in the hollow;
In the glade or through the dell
Captives bound by thy sweet spell.
Tyrant Queen, what power is thine!
Prince and Peasant at thy shrine,
For thy favor each imploring
Through thy coquettish alluring.
Pointing with thy finger gentle
To fair Fame's or Croesus' temple,
On thou ledest ever smiling
Over rugged roads beguiling.
Youth and maiden, sire and sage,
All in thy mad flight engage;
There's a better name for thee—
Disappointment it should be.

“ FAME.”

WHAT'S in a name? What's in a name?
Some Ancient writers ask.
In truth to tell what's in a name,
We find no easy task;
Yet each and every noble deed
Helps build the house of fame;
And upon every block of stone,
We carve some Hero's name.
So let us live, while life is spared,
In duty's sunshine fair,
Our names shall be like temples reared;
Not "Castles in the Air."

“ TRUTH.”

LOOK up, dear one, nor be cast down,
For bright again will shine thy sun,
God's smiles are hid behind his frown—
Trust Him, He will dispel thy gloom.

FOR T. M. D. W.

SUNSHINE AFTER CLOUD.

COME, "Will," let's be good friends again,
Our wrongs let's be forgetting,
For words bring only useless pain,
So wherefore then be fretting.

Let's lay aside imagined wrongs,
And ne'er give way to grieving,
Life should be filled with joyous songs,
No time left for deceiving.

I'll try and not give way to wrath,
Nor be so often crying ;
There must some thorns be in our path,
Let's move them now by trying.

How, like a foolish pair were we,
To fume about a letter;
Time is so precious, you and me;
Must spend ours doing better.

SLUMBERING PASSION.

CAN it be true, that we can meet,
As other strangers in the street;
No deep emotions quickly rise,
No hidden language in our eyes,
No sudden crimson-mantled cheek,
No thrilling word of pleasure speak ?

Yes ! Thine was love of yesterday;
This morning found it far away,
In search of newer conquests gone,
Leaving me desolate and lone,
In vain I sought to break the spell,
My strenuous efforts fruitless fell.

The cloud o'erspread my sunny sky,
And settled slowly like a pall,
And clad my life in misery,
And swept it clear of pleasures all,
Remembrance brings me only pain,
My love, my truest love lies slain.

Henceforth in loneliness I grope
My way, until my life shall end;
Among the hopeful, without hope,
Among the friendly without friend—
My heart unto its depth is shaken,
My love, untiring love forsaken.

THE ADVANCE OF EDUCATION.

WHAT means this host advancing,
With such melodious strain:
These men on steeds a prancing,
This mighty marshaled train.

They come while drum and fife resound,
And steeds with foam aflecked,
Whose restless feet do spurn the ground,
Their riders gaily decked.

With banners proudly waving,
Fearless in Freedom's land,
All opposition braving,
With courage bold they stand.

Come join the raging battle,
Come join the glorious fray;
Come spite of bullets' rattle,
This is enlistment day.

Hark ! hear the Proclamation
Extend o'er all the land;
Come every Tribe and Nation
Join education's band.

Now the command is given—
Strike ! strike grim ignorance low;
Strike till her power is riven;
Strike a decisive blow.

MOTHER.

WHO was it who held me on her knee ?
When I was helpless as could be,
And hoped such noble things of me ?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to prat,
And understood my childish chat,
And who in patience calmly sat ?
My Mother.

Who watched me grow from day to day,
Taught me "Our Father's prayer" to say,
And keep me out of evil's way.
My Mother.

Who shared my sorrow and my grief,
And always brought me sweet relief ;
Of all my friends who is the chief ?
My Mother.

Who always wisest council gave,
And taught me how life's storm to brave,
That I might safely ride each wave ?
My Mother.

Who guarded me from tempter's snare
Made me the burden of her prayer,
And watched with zealous tender care ?
My Mother.

And when the sun sinks in the west,
And birds fly homeward to their nest,
On whose fond bosom would I rest ?
My Mothers.

THE OUTCAST.

WITH pinched cheeks hollow and wan,
With feet all travel sore,
A form so fragile, that one might span
Her waist. There she peers in each door.
A dress, that is scarcely a dress at all—
No hat to protect her head;
The matted brown hair speaks woe and despair,
As daily she begs for bread.

No shoes to cover her feet,
No table with bounties spread,
No home but a stoop in a wretched street,
And naught but rags for a bed.
One glance at the hungry face,
One look at the shattered frame
Would prove that her life has been but a race
With poverty, hunger and shame.

The hurrying crowd swept by,
On business or pleasure intent—
No time to give heed to a cry of need,
No help to the beggar lent.
Oh! Men with purse-string tight,
And women of comfort and ease,
Have you no pity this bitter night,
Her hunger and want to appease?

.....

She knelt on the flagstones in prayer,
With uplifted heart unto heaven;
A pitying angel discovered her there,
And whispered so kindly: "Forgiven!"
The morning's sun looked on the face,
Of her who had known naught but pain,
So peaceful in death, not even a trace
Of hunger and suffering remain.

THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1886.

WITH angry brow and stately tread,
This mighty Warrior came;
With thundering throat his forces led,
With breath almost flame.
And eyes of penetrating glance,
That pierce through every vein,
As soldier pierced by soldier's lance,
Earth groaned and writhed in pain.

The fearless eagle in his nest
Upon the mountain's height,
Arose with wonder in his breast,
And quivered with affright.
Old ocean troubled in his bed,
At first the shores forsook—
Returning, all his furies led,
And crept into each nook.

Brave-hearted men like statues stood
Powerless to strike a blow ;
Their homes became as kindling wood,
Their city's walls laid low.
While mothers clasped their babes in arms
And sped with panting breath ;
With faces full of dread alarm,
They sought to fly from death.

Husband and wife in long embrace
In mutest wonder stood ;
Each horror read in other's face,
And knelt and prayed to God.
Death reaped a harvest as he rode
On wings of every wind ;
He slew the young, the brave and good,
And some grown old in sin.

The very stars their light refused
To witness scene like this ;
Fair Lunar hid away confused,
And veiled herself in mist.
Roar after roar, peal after peal,
The fierce bombardment went,
'Till nature like a drunkard reeled,
Her strongest breastworks rent.

"Surrender !" comes from every lip ;
" We yield," from every breast ;
Ourselves of selfishness now stript,
We are humbled in the dust.
In meek humility we bowed
And smiling kissed the rod,
That while it smote us, bore us up
Near to the throne of God.

TO YOUTH.

HOW shall your name go down in History,
In letters of gold, or enveloped in mystery;
In deeds of love, on pages of white,
In defense of the wrong in lieu of right—
In a selfish way will you carve your name?
Time surely will answer: What's in a name?

The leaves of your life each day are unfolding
Your deeds of to-day; to-morrow, beholding,
May tint your cheek with the blush of shame,
While your heart will question: What's in a name?
Will you gather the jewels spread out at your feet,
Or still with the idle ones find a seat?

No definite cause in the world pursuing—
In the idle brain mischief is ever brewing—
Can you find no work in the market-place,
Can you not with the horsemen contend in the race;
If the footmen outstrip you who is to blame?
Be careful in youth how you carve your name.

“ON GENESEARETT.”

OUT, upon the deep old ocean,
Out, upon the trackless wave,
Tossed by winds in fierce commotion—
Men with hearts no longer brave—
Drifted a poor helpless vessel,
Driven by the winds at will;
Struggling sailors with her wrestle,
Lest they watery graves should fill.

All night long they toiled in rowing,
Striving their frail bark to guide—
Morning's streaks were longer growing,
Still she tossed from side to side.
Some were on the oars hard bending,
Others strove to man the sail,
But each moment strength seemed lending,
To the e'er increasing gale.

Silently each weary seaman,
Did the task to him assigned;
Helpless starboard watch, and leamen
Scanned the trackless waste behind.
Fainter grew their hearts within them,
For the billows threatened death,
Furious breakers fought to win them,
Prayers were uttered with each breath.

Denser grew the clouds above them,
And the tempest wildly raged,
Weary Captain, hopeless seamen,
Each in silent prayer engaged.

Sudden on the wave appearing,
Breaks a strange mysterious light
Toward their little bark 'tis nearing,
And they tremble with affright.

“ 'Tis a spirit,” said they lowly,
Terror on their faces spread,
But he neared them, speaking slowly—
“ It is I!” be not afraid.
Peter spake, (the all-impulsive)
Jesus come Thy people save,
If indeed thou art our Jesus,
“ Bid me walk upon the wave!”

“ Come unto me!” said the Saviour;
Peter made a noble start,
But ere long his strength forsook him—
Doubting filled his faithless heart.
In his own strength he was thinking
He would walk upon the wave—
Soon he found that he was sinking,
Then he cried “ Lord Jesus Save!”

Then the loving Saviour caught him,
And unto the vessel came ;
Peace now reigned, and Jesus taught him,
Not thy power, but Jesus' name.
Sinner you are on the ocean,
Sinking now beneath the wave,
Stretch Thine arms with faith's devotion—
Jesus Christ is quick to save!

HE COMES NOT TO-NIGHT.

MY eager waiting heart can bear no more—
Hark ! was that not his knock upon the door,
Or, that his footstep on the casement floor?
No, the clock rings out the hour, 'tis nine,
'Tis past his hour and dreary waiting's thine
Sad heart, he will not come to-night.

With anxious eyes, the gloom I strive to pierce,
The stars are hid and winds are howling fierce ;
Only the ticking of the clock I hear,
No welcome footsteps greet my eager ear.
'Tis past his hour and hopeless waiting thine
Sad heart ! He will not come to-night.

From nature's fount the crystal tear drops flow,
They soothe the throbbing heart's cry low,
O, heart thine is the common, common fate,
Thou yet must learn to hope and wait,
Tis long since past his hour, vain waiting thine
Sad heart. He will not come to-night.

WELCOME HOME.

THY weary feet have pressed once more thy native soil,
After the weeks and days of care and toil,
And loyal hearts whose friendship ever is true,
Have come to bid a Welcome Home to you.

Our bosoms swelling with an honest pride,
As swells the lover's heart who claims his bride,
With pleasure and with joy, we grasp thy hand
And bid thee welcome to thy native land.

Like silvery star that glint and gleams at night,
Gladdening the wanderer's heart who seeks the light,
Like France who turned to her Joan of Arc,
We follow thee to victory from the dark.

Even though the call was made from distant land,
"Come join us sisters of the Missionary Band."
The bugle sound fell on thy willing ear,
And to thy faithful bosom came no fear.

And waiting not to rate the fearful cost,
In duty's call absorbed, all else is lost;
Through heat or cold, where'er thy path hath led,
Thine energies were bent, thy footsteps sped.

Thy fearless heart that knew not how to falter,
Laid quick thine all on sacrificial altar,
The dear ones of thy heart, thy friends and home,
And dared to brave old ocean's turbid foam.

For thee, the much oppressed Hammitic race
May justly claim a worthy heroine's place,
With those whose courage ne'er was known to flank,
Place Fanny Jackson Coppin in the foremost rank.

And may thy noble deeds be told in verse and song,
To those unborn who shall our places throng,
When o'er our dust the weeping willow waves,
And we shall calmly sleep within our graves.

SABBATH BELLS.

(Tune, "What a Friend we have in Jesus.")

SWEET and calm the breezes stealing
O'er the quiet Sabbath day;
Loud and long the church bells pealing,
Haste to worship, haste away.
List their notes of music swelling,
Hark, what tones of melody!
Man's redemption they are telling;
Haste to worship, haste away.

Now the six days' labor ended—
Temporal duties laid aside,
With our hearts and voices blended,
In his courts to-day abide.
Since the holy law was broken
From his fold, we've gone astray,
But the pardoning word was spoken;
Erring one retrace thy way.

With the Father interceding
For a sin-accursed race,
Hands and feet and side all pleading,
Jesus saves us by his grace.
Sinners list the bells are ringing,
'Tis the gospel's precious sound;
Infant tongues his praises singing,
Come, and in his courts be found.

In his promise trusting, never,
Backward cast thy longing eyes;
Upward, onward pressing ever,
Till the final morn arise.

List, the bells are loudly calling,
Will you heed the call to-day?
On whose ear the sound is falling,
Haste to worship, haste away.

THE DAY AFTER CONFERENCE.

HOW quiet and how still to-day old Bethel's corners
'round,
No boisterous clash of voices, no noisy gravel sound;
And those who came from Territory, Island or from State,
Who for the glorious cause of Christ came here to
legislate,
Are gone—and over Bethel hangs a quiet-like a pall,
And yet there seems to linger strange whisperings in her
wall.

Perhaps it's but the echo of the meeting that is o'er,
Or may be it's a gathering come from the heavenly shore;
Yet they are here and on each face there rests a sad-
dened look,
As with their index finger they keep tally in a book.

They are gathering up the doings of the Conference that
is past,
They are making up reports that through eternity shall
last.

And upon their heavenly faces comes anon a look of shame
As with terrible precision they record each member's
name.

O ! ministers of Jesus, have your deeds been foul or fair ?
If the roll were called in glory, could you guiltless answer
there !

Could your soul in Jesus' presence, pure and clean and
white appear,

Or should some foul stain on it condemn you to despair?

Shall your tongue shout glad hosannahs at the gathering
in of sheaves,

Or shall you empty-handed go, no fruit, but only leaves?
Shall the Master's loving smile assign you to a mansion
bright,

Or shall his angry voice appoint you to the realms of night?
Look well ! for these committees shall report all by and by,
Before the Great Archbishop in the Conference in the sky.

THE QUARREL.

I SAW him yesterday,
As he passed upon his way,
To and fro.
Not a single word he spake,
Though his heart seemed fit to break;
With its woe.

I understand his look,
Like the pages of a book;
Which I've read.
Oh ! however the heart may ache,
Back the words we cannot take;
Now they're said.

How willingly I'd share
Half the burden of his care;
If I might.
A word's a cruel thing,
And how long we feel the sting;
Of a slight.

But I love him just the same;
May be he's not all to blame;
Perhaps 'twas me.
And I've just received a note,
Which with his own hand he wrote;
Let me see.

Oh ! he's coming here to-night,
And we'll set the matter right;
He'll explain.
And we'll love each other better,
For the mistake in the letter;
And the pain.

THOU LOVEST ME.

GRACIOUS Saviour let me make,
Neither error or mistake—
Let me in Thy love abide,
Ever near Thy riven side.
Let me, counting all things dross,
Find my glory in the cross ;
Let me daily with Thee talk,
In Thy footsteps daily walk.
I would gladly follow Thee,
For Thou gently leadest me,
Where the pastures green doth grow,
Where the waters stillest flow.
For me is Thy table spread,
And Thou doth anoint my head,
And my cup of joy o'erflows
In the presence of my foes.

GENERAL ROBERT SMALLS.

BEAUFORT, fair Beaufort, thou art a favored spot,
For fate saw fit to cast in thee a noble hero's lot;
And we congratulate ourselves as in his house we stand,
As welcome guests to one of the most noted in the land.

Whose heart is warm as Southern sun, and noble, true
and brave,
With patriotic fire full and restless as the wave;
Whose zeal and candor unconcealed, constrained us to
admire;
Infused new zeal within our hearts and led us to aspire.

And 'mid these grand and gothic walls quite leasurly we
saunter,
We ask him to rehearse to us the story of the "Planter"—
How when the fighting hottest grew, and strong hearts
were dismayed,
Up to the pilot-house he flew and quick the fears allayed.

And though the whistling shot and shell fell thick on
every side,
His deeds of valor we will tell to Nations yet with pride,
To Afric's sons and daughters we'll leave it as no mystery,
But hand them down on blocks of stone, and they shall
live in history.

With Touissant L' Ouverture and Crispus Attuck brave,
John Brown and Abram Lincoln, who died to free the
slave—

They, the nation's martyrs, and each loyal negro's walls
Should be adorned with portraits of these and Robert
Smalls.

ADMIRATION.

IN the wondrous light of a pair of brown eyes,
What language I read in the distance;
My soul is suddenly lost in surprise,
And can offer therefore no resistance.
An easy prey to the magic spell
I fall, and am helpless to rise;
No subtler power in fairy dell,
Than that in those thrilling brown eyes.

One moment they quietly rested on me;
The next they were wantonly straying;
And now they're swimming in ecstasy,
Unaware of the havoc they're playing.
Just now they are looking quite innocently—
A moment before wondrous wise.
I would I could fathom the depth of that sea,
In those thrilling mysterious dark eyes.

MY HUSBAND'S BIRTHDAY.

SO you've reached your thirty-eighth birthday,
And by many a varied road—

I see that your hair is a trifle gray,
But you've toiled with a heavy load—
Of life's care, and pain, and sorrow,
Upon your shoulders broad;
You have striven that each to-morrow,
Found you nearer to heaven and God.

What matter if age creepeth o'er you,
Your spirit is young, still and bold;
The path of duty before you
Is paved with the purest of gold.
Not such as the brow of a monarch would grace,
Eclipsing the costliest gem,
That is torn from that bosom of earth's embrace,
More precious than diadem.

Though many the changes your eyes have seen;
In these few fast fleeting years,
O'er the graves of loved ones (now grown green,)
You've shed many bitter tears.
On life's great sea your bark has tossed,
And adverse winds have blown,
And threatening clouds your skies have crossed,
Yet still the sun has shone.

Now down the stream of life you glide,
And steer toward setting sun—
May each day's close bring sweet repose,
As you think on the good you have done.

DECORATION DAY.

WE gather where the weeping willow waves;
With flowers we will strew the grassy graves—
Who enter here must come with softest tread,
In presence of the brave and valiant dead.

Come, noble sons of Union, daughters fair:
A dirge is floating on the summer air
O'er the city freedom's ensign proudly waves,
Come, shed a tear above the fallen braves!

Strains of weird music freight the noonday air,
And veterans tread the highways here and there.
Where peacefully repose the fallen braves,
The birds are chanting requiems o'er the graves.

No more is heard the cannon's crash and roar,
Peace spreads her joyful wings from shore to shore
No more is heard the musket's shower like hail,
And hushed and still the mother's piteous wail.

Loud let the drum and fife with music sound,
Loud let their praise be echoed all around;
Let loyal heart and voice join in the sound;
Let infant hands with roses strew the ground.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

WE had gathered for the love-feast on the time appointed night,
And many came with hearts aflame and swords all burnished bright;
And other heavy laden ones who, toiling on life's road,
Forgot that Christ had promised to bear their heavy load,
Came struggling in the open door and dropped into a seat;
But failed to lay their burdens at the blessed Saviour's feet.

We sang the hymn "Redeeming Love," and then we knelt in prayer,
Not knowing that one steeped in sin had gathered with us there;
Then we arose and each in turn began of Christ to talk,
And some rejoiced and others moaned o'er life's intricate walk;
And when the Holy Spirit had pervaded every heart,
The weak grew strong, for all their doubts were bidden to depart.

We felt that faithful, earnest prayer would unlock heaven's door,
Lo, in our very midst, there stood a drunkard on the floor;
He'd wandered down the narrow street and stopped and made his bed
Upon the steps that to the very mercy-seat had led—
Where the thrilling songs of Zion and the atmosphere of prayer,
And the host of the invisibles floated on the evening air.

.....

They roused him from his stupor, smote his conscience
and his heart,
For he saw that with "the chosen" even here he had no
part;
And struggling to control himself and decently appear—
He laid aside his tattered hat and to the desk drew near.
The muttered words stuck in his throat as hard he strove
to speak:
"My friends, I've been a drinking," were uttered low
and weak.

"Put the man out," they quickly cried, "how dare he
interfere?
This is no place for drunkards, only the good are here."
And as the men advanced to take the poor intruder out,
He placed his hands behind him and despairing gazed
about.
There rested such a look upon his now quite sobered face
Of hopelessness: it seemed to say they thrust me from this
place.

Where prayers are made for erring ones, Christ says to
all mankind:
"That whosoe'r believing comes shall full salvation find."
Strong hands were laid upon him and they led him to the
door,
And from the church steps down he went perhaps to rise
no more—
Who knows but a hasty step his lasting doom may seal,
Though sense of his unworthiness he yet may keenly feel.

Perhaps we, too, are erring, let us turn our eyes within;
Perhaps we'll have no trouble in discovering secret sin.
If the question were but answered how our cases stood
The echo of the answer would be: no, not one is good.
Let us be like Samaritans, and stoop when passing by,
To raise a fallen brother and to hear the needy's cry.

ETERNITY.

AWAY from earth and its cares set free,
The soul in its blissful liberty
Shall soar to portals fair and bright;
Where sweet-voiced angels clad in white,
Are tuning their harps in heavenly glee:
We hope to spend Eternity.

Over the crystal sea of glass,
And through the golden streets we'll pass,
Floating along on the placid streams;
Or roaming through fields of eternal green,
A glorious awakening there will be:
When we land on the banks of Eternity.

In that beautiful home so far away,
There come no nights of dark dismay;
The Saviour's love shall round us shine,
And light our steps through heavenly clime;
And while we join the sweet melody—
We'll rest throughout Eternity.

With faltering steps here, up and down,
With bleeding wounds from sole to crown,
We'll cast aside life's troubles here;
When, like the Saviour, we appear,
Sorrow and tears shall cease to be:
In our promised home in Eternity.

THE QUARTO CENTENNIAL.

O, THAT the Holy Angels would indite
Fit words of praise that I might write;
Or to my timid faltering heart reveal,
Some secret hidden spring, some new found seal,
That guards a casket rich and rare and old,
Of gems as rich and pure as finest gold—
Or, to some unknown depth might I descend,
Or, would some fairy sprite its wings me lend,
That I might soar aloft and pierce the azure sky—
Might penetrate earth's bosom with discerning eye;
Or would the touch of heavenly hands inspire
My soul, then filled with pure and holy fire,
Might wake the cords that now lie dormant here,
And catch some rich vibrations from celestial sphere.

Year after year is born and glides away,
And generations rise and flourish and decay;
Flowers bud and blossom, fade and fall,
But the eternal truth outlives them all.
As in the forest stands the sturdy oak,

Where the young ravens scream and groan and croak,
Stand like monuments of the unhappy past,
Those who have brav'd the summer's heat, and
winter's blast.

On mountain height where hungry eagles slept,
In deep ravine where poisonous reptiles crept,
Undaunted to the Master's call take they heed,
And proved themselves his followers indeed.

On, on, though often dark and chill the night,
In the vineyard gleaning with cycle bright,
In the rank marshes, or whereso'er He led,
The sky their only covering, the earth their only bed.

O, welcome day, when peace broods o'er the land;
Free and untrammelled roams the Christian band,
No guillotine is reared, no furious crackling stake;
No flames leap high the Christian's life to take.

How swift the flight of five and twenty years,
Freighted with hope and grief, with joy and tears;
To duty came the call that sacred day—
Strong in the Master's strength, Paul like they did
obey.

But free to tread his own or foreign sod,
His voice upraised to the eternal God—
No bodies torn asunder fill untimely graves,
And o'er the world Salvation's Banner waves.

Oh! Allen, you are with us here to-day,
Noting these services, this grand array;
Those sightless eyes methinks look into mine,
With holy happiness divine.

With gratitude we gather here and now—
Our praises render while we meekly bow
To heaven, who gave us such as thee,
And God's own Son who died to set us free.

HEART-HUNGRY.

O Hungry Heart,
Contend not with thy fate;
Lonely thou art,
But yet must hope and wait.
For all thy craving,
Thou shalt be filled;
Why this mad raving?
Why so self-willed ?

Longing, art thou,
For that which comes not?
Submissive bow,
Sad is thy lot,
What must the end be ?
Lest thou relent,
Love will consume thee,
Thy power be spent.

Dost thy cold mate,
That thou hast chosen
Smile at thy fate,
With glances frozen.

O, hungry heart,
In shadow groping
Still act thy part,
And go on hoping?

Thy fate invites thee,
Kind or unkindly;
Thou art not free,
Love loves e'er bindly.
As thirsty meadow
Welcomes the dew,
And as the shadow
Follows the true.

All the emotion
Thou dost impart,
Will find devotion,
O, hungry heart.
O, hungry heart,
It is not in vain
Somewhere, somehow!
For all thy pain.

For all thy sorrow,
Thy bitter tears,
Happiness borrow
From coming years.
O, hungry heart,
Hope is all beauty,
Disappointment's dart
Points thee to duty.

I WILL LOOK UP.

I WILL look up to Thee
With faith's ne'er-failing sight,
My trust repose in Thee,
Though dark and chill earth's night.

I will look up to Thee,
Though rough and long the way,
Still sure Thou leadest me
Unto the perfect day.

I will look up to Thee
When lone and faint and weak.
"My grace sufficeth Thee;"
I hear Thy soft voice speak.

I will look up to Thee,
For if Thou, Lord, art near,
Temptations quickly flee,
And clouds soon disappear.

I will look up to Thee
With feeble voice I cry.
Lord, pity helpless me—
Without Thy aid I die.

I will look up to Him
Who died my soul to save;
Who bear my load of sin—
His blood a ransom gave.

I will look up to Thee,
The all-anointed one,
Who opes the gate for me,
To the eternal throne.

I will look up to Thee;
I feel my sins forgiven—
Thy footprints Lord I see,
They mark the way to heaven.

I will look up to Thee,
When doubt and fear arise;
Though dangers compass me,
Upward I lift mine eyes.

I will look up to Thee,
Who knoweth all my needs;
Thy spirit Lord grant me,
My soul in anguish leads.

I will look up to Thee!
Though all I have below,
Thou takest Lord from me,
Thou canst the more bestow.

I will look up to Thee,
Thou bright and morning star;
With eyes of faith I see,
Thy glory from afar.

I will look up to Thee,
My hand shall rest in thine;
Where e'er thou wilt lead me,
Thy will, O Lord, not mine!

I will look up to Thee,
When death's relentless hand,
Has laid it's weight on me,
Save—Thou atoning Lamb!

I will look up to Thee,
When crossing Jordan's wave;
Then Lord, I look to Thee—
Whose power alone can save!

HOPE THOU IN GOD.

○ soul, why shouldst thou downcast be?
Or mourn thy temporal lot;
Where'er 'tis cast, what's that to thee—
Doth not God choose the spot?
Rouse thee, and labor for success!
And be thou well assured;
The shadows near the end grow less,
And pain must be endured.

Although I meet with conflicts here,
And storms beset my path,
Though devils shoot their fiery darts
Of disappointed wrath,
My feet upon the blood-marked way,
Shall ever onward press,
And looking to the "perfect day,"
My faith shall not grow less.

What if the ungodly spread a snare,
And wicked councils meet—
Lord, guard with loving, watchful care,
My timid, faltering feet.
Soul, thou must daily suppliance make,
If thou wouldst well be fed—
The righteous He will not forsake,
Nor shall his seed beg bread.

The cloudy pillar day by day,
The fiery cloud by night,
Shall mark the straight and narrow path,
That leads to lasting light.
Where trembling hope receives her sight,
Where flowers eternal grow—
God's presence beams forever bright,
And living waters flow.

TO CLEMENTS' FERRY.

ONE lovely summer afternoon when balmy breezes blew,
A charming little buggy, scarce large enough for two,
Dashed down the narrow little street and stopped beside
a gate,

Where a charming little woman dwelt whom he had met
of late.

Out stepped a little body, looking like a happy bride ;
He gently stood and placed her in a safe seat at his side:
"I'm going to show you now," said he, (with eyes that
twinkle merry,)

"The very prettiest of drives, it leads to Clements'
Ferry."

"If you have never heard of it, my darling little treasure,
I'll tell you all about the place, it will afford me pleasure."
And on they sped, mile after mile, with chat and laughter
merry—

He watched her dimpled, roguish smile and drove toward
the ferry.

Through lovely groves, where birds sang sweet their notes
of joy so merry,

Or partridge, hid in ripened wheat, whistled his "Bob
White" cherry.

Up the shell road and o'er the fields and by the moss-
hung oaks,

Where marshy land its rich grain yields or sad-voiced
raven croaks.

Then turning off the highway and past the gate of toll,
Then up into a by-way which led straight to the knoll,
“ ’Tis here, said he “the loveliest spot in all the world so
 wide,
Swept by the breezes from the sea, and kissed by every
 tide.

Come down beside the river’s brink, where the water rip-
 ples merry—
A lovely place to rest and think, down here beside the
 ferry.
So taking his uplifted hands she gave a little bound,
And very soon they sat them down upon the grassy ground.

In days that are forever fled, when slavery cursed this
 nation—
This land was owned by “Clements” and on his great
 plantation
Were many slaves who daily tilled this soil, tho’ oft in
 pain—
Their master’s coffers must be filled from the fields of
 golden grain.

They knew no rest who labored there, but worked from
 early light—
They ploughed and hoed and reaped and sowed, till the
 sun went down at night ;
Then to the river they would come all foot-sore, worn
 and weary,
Hungry and faint to reach their home they crossed here
 at the ferry.

One day they heard a strange sweet voice, not such as
won't to lead them;

It made their burdened hearts rejoice, for 'twas the voice
that freed them.

And when the sun went down that night their shouts rose
loud and merry—

They crossed with footsteps swift and light the last time
o'er this ferry.

“So here besides this river we have found a rustic seat,
And still the water rippled on and winds blew soft and
sweet—

“I've something else to tell you,” and his laughing eyes
were merry,

He whispered something in her ear, but not about the
ferry.

* * * * *

The sun was shining in the west and back toward home
they drove;

Soft twilight had its shadows cast o'er field and “knoll”
and grove—

The “ferry has another name, which lovers oft repeat,
Instead of “Clements' Ferry,” it is now “Sunset Retreat.”

THE BIRTH OF TIME.

HAPPY moments tell me, pray,
Where were you on yesterday ?
While I sit, bowed low with sorrow,
Tell me where you'll be to-morrow.

Come you from a heavenly clime,
Linger with me all the time ;
Every day will then be bright,
Every burden then seem light.

Are you slumbering with the flowers,
While I have my darkest hours ?
I am sure it would be pleasant
If I found you ever present.

Happy moments seemed to say :
"I am busy all the day;
Every hour I well must fill,
So I never can be still.

You, my friend, would happier be,
If you busy kept like me ;
Then your joys would seem the sweeter,
And your dark hours would seem fleeter.

More of joy and less of grief,
All your days of labor brief,
If the moments you improve,
By some little deed of love.

.....

All the earth is full of beauty,
Where we live and do our duty;
Then your sun will seem the brighter,
And your heavy heart grow lighter.

May I ask you, idle one,
To recount the good you've done,
To deserve the joys you've tasted—
Now account for time you've wasted!"

Then I felt a sudden start,
And the impulse of my heart
Was, that I must work to-day;
For the moments haste away.

Little moments, will you wait
While your wings with prayer I freight;
So when I drop out of time,
I may see God's smile divine?

I could not a moment borrow,
For to-day is gone to-morrow;
And to-morrow is "to-day,"
So the debt I could not pay.

Tell me moments : whence your birth,
Whence your coming to the earth?
Was your birthplace 'mid the flowers,
Or in cloudless, fleece-like bowers?

Then the answer quickly came
Like a chipped-off lightning flame:
"When the great Creator flung
Out the world, on nothing hung,
Then was I destined to be,
Time until Eternity."

TENNYSON'S POEMS.

On receiving Tennyson's Poems from Mrs. M. H. Dunton, of Brattleboro', Vt.

DEAR Friend, since you have chosen to associate
My humble thoughts with England's poet laureate,
I trust that he will bear me pleasant company,
And soon we shall far more than mere acquaintance be.
Since childhood's days his name I have revered,
And more and more it has become to me endeared;
I blush not for the truth, I but confess,
I very wealthy feel since I his "works" possess.

I've found in the immortal Shakespeare much delight,
Yet, oft his vulgar language shocked me quite;
And I twice grateful am, that I no more shall be
Dependent in spare moments on *his* company.
But I shall roam o'er England's proud domain,
Shall meet her lords and ladies, and her peasants
plain,
Attend her royal spreads, and figure at her courts,
On prancing steed with nodding plume, I join their
hunting sports.

THINE OWN.

TO live and not to be Thine Own,
Like Springtime is when birds are flown;
Or liberty in prison bars,
Or evening skies without the stars;
Like diamonds that are lustreless,
Or rest when there's no weariness;
Like lovely flowers that have no scent,
Or music when the sound is spent.

LOVE LETTERS.

DEAR Letters, Fond Letters,
Must I with you part?
You are such a source of joy
To my lonely heart.

Sweet Letters, Dear Letters,
What a tale you tell;
O, no power on earth can break
This strange mystic spell!

Dear Letters, Fond Letters,
You my secret know—
Don't you tell it, any one—
Let it live and grow.

MATIN HYMN.

IS this the way my Father,
That Thou wouldst have me go—
Scaling the rugged mountain steep,
Or through the valley low?
Walking alone the path of life,
With timid, faltering feet,
Fighting with weak and failing heart,
Each conflict that I meet?

Nay! nay! my child, the Father saith,
Thou dost not walk alone—
Gird up the loins of thy weak faith,
And cease thy plaintive tone.
Look thou with unbecclouded eyes
To Calvary's gory scene—
Canst thou forget the Saviour's cries?
Go thou, on His mercy, lean."

My Father, brighter grows the way,
Less toilsome is the road;
If Thou Thy countenance display,
O, lighter seems my load!
And trustingly I struggle on,
Not murmuring o'er my task;
The mists that gather soon are gone,
When in Thy smile I bask.

.....

Turn not from me Thy smiling face,
Lest I shall surely stray,
But in Thy loving arms' embrace,
I cannot lose my way.
My Father when my faith is small,
And doubting fills my heart,
Thy tender mercy I recall.
O, let it ne'er depart!

I LOVE THEE.

THOU art not near me, but I see Thine eyes,
Shine through the gloom like stars in winter skies—
Pointing the way my longing steps would go,
To come to Thee because I love Thee so.

Thou art not near me, but I feel Thine arm,
Soft folded round me, shielding me from harm,
Guiding me on as in the days of old—
Sometimes life seems so dark, so dreary and so cold.

Thou art not near me, but I hear Thee speak,
Sweet as the breath of June upon my cheek,
And as Thou speakest I forget my fears,
And all the darkness, and my lonely tears.

O love, my love, whatever our fate may be,
Close to Thy side, or never more with Thee,
Absent or present, near or far apart,
Thou hast my love and fillest all my heart.

MY CANARY.

LITTLE bird with tuneful throat,
Happy heart and silvery note—
Dainty beak and feathers yellow,
Thou art such a charming fellow.

Always merry, full of glee,
Seeming happy as can be—
All the house with music thrilling,
And my heart with pleasure filling.

Could I sing I'd vie with thee:
In sweet strains of melody
We would raise our voices high,
To praise our Maker in the sky.

MY MOCKING BIRD.

NO gorgeous coat has he,
He is plain as he can be;
Singing all the live-long day,
Imitating what I say.
Mocking ev'ry bird in bush,
Sparrow, wren, or hawk or thrush,
Parrot, robin, finch or crow,
Owl, oriole, bird of snow,
With cuteness quite astounding,
Bird and man alike confounding.

M O R N .

FRESH and fair the morn awaketh,
From her couch of down;
Parting kiss her lover taketh,
Ere his daily journey maketh
Of the world around.

For a jolly-hearted rover,
Ever full of fun,
Making calls the wide world over,
Flower and leaf, and blade and clover,
Welcome him, the sun.

Gloom from weary hearts dispelleth,
Shedding joy and light
O'er the homes where sorrow dwelleth,
Of eternal sunshine telleth,
And the mansions bright.

Evening's gentle voice is pleading,
But he will not stay;
Her entreaties all unheeding,
Morning's tender smile succeeding,
Beckons him away.

Now while just a halo lingers,
Note his roguish smile;
With the tip ends of his fingers,
Sweet good day he gently flings her,
But retreats the while.

DO YOU THINK?

DO you think, when you plan for to-morrow,
That the morrow you may not see,
That long ere the dawn of the morrow's morn,
You may be in eternity.

Do you tread in the foot-steps of Jesus,
In the darkness as well as the light ?
Should the death angel come, to summons you
home—
Say, would it be glory, or night ?

MUSIC.

Owondrous depth to which my soul is stirr'd, '
By some low tone, some softly breathed word—
Some thrill or cadence sweet which fills my heart,
My inmost powers wake, and thrill and start.
My bosom seems too narrow a confine,
For such a power, dear music as thine.

O, that my heavy, heavy falt'ring tongue,
Could warble forth thy ev'ry prompted song,
The world should join the gladsome song I'd raise,
And to the King shout lofty notes of praise.

E'en when my heart is wrapt in sorrow's night,
Mine eyes of clay are clos'd, but heavenly light
Doth shine into the desert of my soul,
And billows of sweet music o'er me roll.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

WHAT sacrifice so great !
No hour too early, or too late,
No isle too distant, no shore or strand,
She may not reach with earnest heart, and will-
ing hand.

What love so strong !
It is her child, or right or wrong,
In crowded court of justice, if condemn'd,
Her love and tearful eyes doth still defend.

What love so pure !
Friendship oft is false, but one is sure,
That mother's love clings to us to the last,
Wherever in life our varied lot is cast.

MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT.

IS thy sun obscured to-day,
By a cloud of sorrow?
It cannot be thus alway,
Bright may be the morrow.
Hast thou left of hope a spark?
Sit not down repining—
Never was there cloud so dark,
Had not silver lining.

Adverse currents strong and swift
Sweep across thy soul—
Courage, heart, the cloud must rift,
It will backward roll.
Is thy bark far from the land,
On a tempestuous ocean?
Stretch to God thy helpless hand,
He can stay commotion.

Sits thy soul in grief to-day
'Neath the weeping willow?
On the Son thy burden lay,
Soft will seem thy pillow.
Doth amidst thy course arise
Difficulty's, mountain;
Sweetest draught his love supplies
From the crimson fountain.

Dost thou wander weak and faint,
 Through life's desert lonely?
 God regards the feeblest plaint,
 He can aid thee only.
 Without His all-seeing eye,
 Not a sparrow falleth;
 More He heeds the humble cry,
 That for mercy calleth.

Raise to God thy streaming eyes,
 Contrite heart's petition—
 Let no waves of doubt arise,
 For thy sad condition.

WHERE DO SCHOOL DAYS END ?

A LITTLE child sat on the floor,
 Turning the pages o'er and o'er,
 Of Mother Goose's nursery book;
 He raised his eyes with puzzled look,
 And said, "Mamma, attention lend,
 And tell me: Where do school days end?"

My boy, that is no easy task—
 A weighty question 'tis you ask;
 For every day adds to our store
 Of knowledge gained the day before;
 So you must ask some wiser friend
 To tell you, where school days will end.

The parson came that very day,
His usual pastoral call to pay;
The child stole in with cunning look,
And on a stool his seat he took.
Sir, will you information lend,
And tell me, where school days will end ?

The parson with astonished air,
Pushed his fingers through his hair;
Little child I am much afraid,
That I can give but little aid;
But my best efforts I will lend,
To tell you, where school days will end.

There is a land of light you know,
Where all good people are to go—
Where little children rob'd in white,
Are ever happy in God's sight.
And when you die He'll angels send,
To take you where school days shall end.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

QUIETLY the world lay sleeping,
Save on fair Judean plain;
Faithful Shepherds watch were keeping,
Lest their tender flocks be slain.

Silently the snowy mantle
O'er the hill and vale was spread—
Emblem of seraphic pureness—
Carpet fit for angels' tread.

Lo, in eastern skies appearing,
Backward seems the night to roll;
The prophetic star is nearing,
Heaven opened as a scroll.

Then the heralds gladly singing,
Came to announce the Prince of Peace,
All the heavenly harps were ringing—
Praises chaunt and never cease.

Then a cloud of golden glory
Filled the air with heavenly mirth,
Angels sang the wondrous story,
When the Christ-child came to earth.

A HAPPY HEART.

GIVE me a Happy Heart and suasive tongue,
That I may cheer the aged and the young;
That I may charm the little child,
And make the winds of age seem mild.
Give me the willing hand and ready feet,
To raise the brother lying in the street;
Give me the honest heart that has no fear,
That with the humble I may shed a tear.
Give me the eye of faith that I may see
Some good accomplished daily Lord for Thee—
Give me a heart full of Thy holy zeal,
That I my neighbors' joy or woe may feel.
Give me the feet that eagerly will run,
About the Master's work, until the sun
Has faded in its glory in the west,
And all the busy world has sought its rest.

WHEN I WOULD DIE!

NOT when leaves are brown and sere,
Not when days are cold and drear;
Not when roses faded lie,
Not when clouds o'ercast the sky.
But when spring-time breezes blow,
And make sweet music, soft and low;
When birds their happy carols sing,
When flowers their lovely odors bring—
When woods their richest verdure yield,

When lambs frisk in the clover-field;
When bee and butterfly fill the air,
When morn awaketh bright and fair;
When love upon the breeze is born—
Oh, I would die on Easter morn!

When the morn with lovely grace
Greets the world in soft embrace;
When the lily's rich perfume
Woos the minstrel's harp to tune,
And the lark his song of praises
To the Great Creator raises.
Upward soars in happy mood,
Loud his notes of gratitude,
For security and rest,
For the birdlings in his nest.
When the daisies dot the lawn,
I would die at Easter dawn!

When the year is blithe and young,
Happiness on every tongue—
After winter's icy chains
Lose their hold upon the plains;
When the waters, rippling on,
Tell the power of winter gone—
Spring leads him her willing slave,
Then lay me in the quiet grave;
Loved ones do not come and weep,
For I shall only be asleep;
Roses heap upon the mound,
And I shall rest both sweet and sound.
Let no heart for me be aching,
Christ will see to my awaking.

DECEMBER.

THE skies o'ercast and fierce winds blow,
Their chilling breath thro' leafless trees,
Streams fetter-bound in icy chains,
And frosty net-work on the panes.
The birds have sought a summer clime,
Each tender floweret, bud and vine,
Has hid away with timid fear,
For lo, December days are here !
The blazing logs are heard to crack,
And all the grain is garnered now.

JUDGE NOT.

PERCHANCE, the friend who cheered thy early years,
Has yielded to the tempter's power;
Yet, why shrink back and draw away thy skirt,
As though her very touch would do thee hurt ?
Wilt thou prove stronger in temptation's hour ?
Perchance the one thou trusteth more than life,
Has broken love's most sacred vow :
Yet judge him not—the victor in life's strife,
Is he who beareth best the burden of life,
And leaveth God to judge, nor questions how.
Sing the great song of love to all, and not
The wailing anthems of thy woes;
So live thy life that thou may'st never feel
Afraid to say, as at His throne you kneel,
“Forgive me God, as I forgive my foes!”

UNUTTERED PRAYER.

MY God, sometimes I cannot pray,
 Nor can I tell why thus I weep;
 The words my heart has framed I cannot say,
 Behold me prostrate at Thy feet.

Thou understandest all my woe;
 Thou knows't the craving of my soul—
 Thine eye beholdeth whereso'er I go;
 Thou can'st this wounded heart make whole.

And oh ! while prostrate here I lie,
 And groan the words I fain would speak:
 Unworthy though I be, pass not me by,
 But let Thy love in showers break.

And deluge all my thirsty soul,
 And lay my proud ambition low ;
 So while time's billows o'er me roll,
 I shall be washed as white as snow.

Thou wilt not quench the smoking flax,
 Nor wilt thou break the bruised reed;
 Like potter's clay, or molten wax,
 Mould me to suit Thy will indeed.

WHOSO GIVES FREELY, SHALL FREELY RECEIVE!

WHEN Jesus was leaving this sin-accursed land,
These words full of comfort he left with his band :

“Ye are not forsaken, my peace I will leave,
And whoso gives freely, shall freely receive!”

“Your Father in heaven, so righteous and just,
Will comfort your hearts, if in Him ye trust;
If only on Jesus, his Son, ye believe;
Then ye who give freely, shall freely receive!”

“On the just and the unjust descendeth the rain—
The fields all revived bring abundance of grain;
Give honor and glory and firmly believe,
That whoso gives freely, shall freely receive.”

Step out from your door on a bleak winter day—
Half-clad and half-starving, you meet on your way,
Some one who is begging for alms to relieve.
Think! whoso gives freely, shall freely receive!

Perhaps but a penny dropped into a hat—
Yet the angel recording will take note of that.
Like the mite of the widow, whatever you give,
Much or little—give freely, you'll freely receive !

There are often around us dear souls in distress,
Who are needing not money, but kind words to bless—
Their lives seem so weary—a word will relieve;
Let's give to them freely, they'll gladly receive !

When finished our course in this vale here below,
When Christ shall the robe and the crown bestow
On those, who were faithful and quick to believe :
Who gave him their service shall freely receive!

WILBERFORCE.

Read at the 25th Anniversary of Wilberforce, Ohio, June, 1887.

A quarter century ago,
A March morning, bleak and wild,
The joyful news spread to and fro:
To Afro Methodist is born a child;
Begotten in the time of strife,
And born in adverse circumstances,
All trembled for the young child's life,
It seemed to have so poor a chance.
But, nursed by every care,
It stronger grew, until at last
Our hearts no longer feel a fear,
The danger is forever past.
The feeble childhood's days are flown,
How swiftly speed the years away;
We hail thee now a woman grown
In regal robes and Queen's array.

Thou dark-browed beauty of the west,
Thy matchless grace is widely known;
Rich jewels sparkle on thy breast,
Thy head supports a royal crown.
And through thy veins pure Afric's blood
Flows fearlessly along its course;
Thy cheeks are mantled by the flood;
We hail thee, lovely *Wilberforce* !

Thy palace gates are open wide—
All are invited to the feast;
From frigid North or Southern side,
From every point, from West to East.
Thou holdest in thine outstretched hand
The richest, rarest gifts to youth;
From snow-capped peak to ocean strand,
Thou offerest all the words of truth.

They come! their burning thirst, quench,
For wisdom, honor, knowledge, power;
From hidden depths rich jewels wrench—
Successful effort crowns each hour.
But foul incendiary's cruel hand,
Thy Territory did invade;
By ruthless and destructive brand,
Thy lonely walls were lowly laid.

When night had hushed the birds to sleep,
Out of his covert see him creep;
The crackling flame and lurid glare,
Burst out upon the midnight air.
And what had seemed so strong and fair,
Now lay a mass of ruins there;
Triumphantly look'd all our foes,
And gloated o'er our many woes.

But men of iron nerve and will,
Looked up to God, with courage still:
Believing He their cries would heed,
And prove a friend in time of need.

.....

The tiny seeds of kindness sown,
Into a mighty tree has grown,
And youth and maiden side by side,
Sit 'neath its spreading branches wide.

And though the seed be sown in Payne,
The trite old saying we maintain:
That whosoe'er in Payne we sow,
By faith's tears watered it shall grow.
Our trust untarnished by alloy,
We sow in tears but reap in joy;
And may thy praises never cease,
And all thy paths be those of peace.

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EASTER MORN.

LO! the glorious dawn is breaking,
And the night of gloom is gone,
All the earth from slumber waking,
Hails with joy the Easter Morn!

Lo! the sun's bright rays are peeping
Over Calvary's crimson height,
Soldier guards who watch were keeping,
Saw Him rise in power and might!

Mary ran with footsteps fleeter,
Than the other two who went—
Where an angel sat to greet her,
And the grave a glory lent.

With their spices they were going,
To the tomb where Jesus lay—
Faithful ones, without the knowing.
Who should roll the stone away?

To the rich man's new sepulchre,
Mary's eager feet drew near;
Lo, she saw the tomb was open,
And her heart was filled with fear!

At the grave she stooped, and peeping,
Angels saw in white arrayed,
Where her Lord was lately sleeping,
“And the clothes aside were laid!”

Back she drew with fear and quaking,
But the angel watcher said:
“Jesus is among the living,
Seek Him not among the dead.”

“He is risen, He is risen,”
Now dispel thy gloom and fear
From the grave's embrace and prison;
Rose triumphant, He is not here!

Then awake the song of gladness,
Let it float upon the air;
Joy dispels the gloom and sadness,
Past the night of dark despair.

Shout with gladdest acclamation,
Raise with joy the gladsome sound,
And with great acceleration,
Spread to earth's remotest bound.

He is risen! great in glory;
Death is vanquished, lost its sting!
Vain the grave can boast of victory,
He is risen, Christ the King!

THE CITY BY THE SEA.

LOVE thee? Yes, I'm sure I love thee,
Dear old city by the sea;
Love thy grandly towering spires,
Love thy matrons and thy sires;
Love thy gallant sons so true,
Love thy genial skies of blue;
Love thy gentle fair-haired daughters;
And the music of thy waters
Flowing gently all around thee.
All are ever dear to me!

Hark! I think I hear the echo,
Of the notes of melody;
And the chimes ecstatic pealing
From St. Michael's o'er me stealing,

Woos me back to pleasant hours
Spent among the fragrant flowers;
And the ocean's distant roar,
Bursts in music on the shore—
And the snowy white-capped waves,
Every nook and cranny laves,
As they break in sportive glee,
On the "battery" by the sea!

Of thy fame and vanished glory,
Dear old city by the sea—
All too well I know the story,
When thy deeds where dark and gory.
But the Inchcape bell's low moaning,
Echoes not the sad slave's groaning,
As from Afric's torrid sands,
He was brought in iron bands,
Writhing in his agony,
To the city by the sea!

Through the evening's mellow haze,
Dear old city by the sea,
What a picture meets my gaze,
Relic of departed days!
Standing yet the wave-washed Fort,*
From whose walls the loud report
Echoed all around the world—
(Now with stars and stripes unfurled)
Echoed like a bolt of thunder,
Burst the iron bands asunder,
Set the slave at liberty,
In the city by the sea!

*Sumpter

O'er thee broods the calm of peace,
 Dear old city by the sea—
 "Monitor," and "Ironsides,"
 At thy port no longer ride.
 But I would forget the past,
 Lest a shadow it should cast
 O'er my musing sweet of thee,
 Dear old city by the sea!
 And I love thee, still I love thee,
 Ever dear art thou to me !

FORGETFULNESS !

"DARLING," he said, "I never meant
 To hurt you. "And his eyes were wet—
 "I would not hurt *you* for the world;
 Am I to blame, if I forget?"

"Forgive my selfish tears," she cried:
 "Forgive! I knew that it was not
 Because you meant to hurt me, sweet,
 I knew it was that you FORGOT!"

But all the same, deep in her heart,
 Rankled this thought, and rankles yet—
 When love is at its best, one loves
 So much, that one CANNOT FORGET!

THE NEW ORGAN.

Read at the Dedication of the New Organ at Mt. Zion Church,
Charleston, S. C.

THOU monstrous gilt and rainbow-tinted thing,
With many a thousand mouthed tuneful throat,
Helps us God's praises here to-day to sing,
With happy hearts we raise our joyful note.

What charms thou show'st to our uplifted gaze,
Some mystic hand seems now to lend thee power,
That fillest us with wonder and praise,
And mute we stand and tremble and adore.

Thou seems't almost human in thy tones;
Even he who built thee did not understand—
Sometimes low, plaintive, then so mirthful,
That thou wert peopled by an angel band.

O, tell us in thy strong, yet sweetest strain,
That He who died, now liveth evermore;
Yea thunder forth the sweet, ah! sweet refrain,
That Christ has left for men ajar the door.

And tell, forevermore, "Salvation's free,"
And pardon come to whosoever will,
Turn quick away from guilt and misery;
This pardon comes the hungry soul to fill.

And on the very air shall praises float,
While cherubim and seraphim shall sing;
And earth shall raise her very highest note,
While heaven, with loudest note, Alleluias ring!

When earth is wrecked and matter all consumed,
And all our labor here hath found an end,
Our happy souls shall strike harps, heavenly tuned—
Our voices with angelic voices blend.

So we shall praise Him while He lends us breath,
On viol, timbrel, lute, and harp and strings,
And when our mortal tongues are still in death,
Our praise shall mount on high on music's wings.

DECEPTION.

LIFE we find is nevermore
What at first we thought;
When deceit beclouds it o'er,
Sad the change that's wrought.

Confidence with drooping heart
Sadly takes its flight;
Fondest love will sure depart—
Day seems dark as night.

All the love of tender years
Turns to bitter hate;
Though repentance comes with tears,
It may be "too late"—

Though the heart in anguish yearn,
Lay in sackcloth low;
Confidence will not return,
Shattered by a blow.

Then while you possess it whole,
Strive it to retain;
Heart of truth and purpose, soul
Cannot cause you pain.

May the tender power of love
Penetrate your life—
True as are the stars above,
And as free from strife.

What a tangled web we weave;
What a chain of sorrow!
When we practice to deceive,
Gloom comes with the morrow.

OUT IN THE DESERT.

OUT in the desert afar, dost thou roam—
Out on the waste bleak and wild;
Why dost thou wander so far from thy home?
Wolves will o’ertake thee dear child.
Jesus stands pleading,
With wounds afresh bleeding;
O, come to his arms, meek and mild!

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Out on the mountain so bare and so cold,
Hunger will blast thy fair cheek;
Jesus, the shepherd, has left the dear fold,
Now for THEE lost one to seek.

Eventide falleth,
His tender voice calleth—
Hear the sweet tones low and meek!

Wander no longer across the wild moor;
Back to the fold quickly flee!
Jesus has kindly left open the door—
Open, O, wanderer for thee!

The light is still burning,
He waits thy returning—
O, prodigal wander no more!



PART III.—THE RACE PROBLEM.

THE BLACK SAMPSON.

THERE'S a Sampson lying, sleeping in the land,
He shall soon awake, and with avenging hand,
In an all unlooked for hour,
He will rise in mighty power;
What dastard can his righteous rage withstand?

E'er since the chains were riven at a stroke,
E'er since the dawn of Freedom's morning broke,
He has groaned, but scarcely uttered,
While his patient tongue ne'r muttered,
Though in agony he bore the galling yoke.

O, what cruelty and torture has he felt ?
Could his tears, the heart of his oppressor melt ?
In his gore they bathed their hands,
Organized and lawless bands—
And the innocent was left in blood to welt.

The mighty God of Nations doth not sleep,
His piercing eye its faithful watch doth keep,
And well nigh His mercy's spent,
To the ungodly lent:

“They have sowed the wind, the whirlwind they
shall reap.”

From His nostrils issues now the angry smoke,
And asunder bursts the all-oppressive yoke;
When the prejudicial heel
Shall be lifted, we shall feel,
That the hellish spell surrounding us is broke.

The mills are grinding slowly, slowly on,
And till the very chaff itself is gone;
Our cries for justice louder,
'Till oppression's ground to powder—
God speed the day of retribution on!

Fair Columbia's filmy garments all are stained;
In her courts is blinded justice rudely chained;
The black Sampson is awaking,
And his fetters fiercely breaking;
By his mighty arm his rights shall be obtained!

“THEY ARE COMING?”

THEY are coming, coming slowly—
They are coming, surely, surely—
In each avenue you hear the steady tread.
From the depths of foul oppression,
Comes a swarthy-hued procession,
And victory perches on their banners' head.

They are coming, coming slowly—
They are coming; yes, the lowly,
No longer writhing in their servile bands.

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From the rice fields and plantation
Comes a factor of the nation,
And threatening, like Banquo's ghost, it stands.

They are coming, coming proudly—
They are crying, crying loudly :
O, for justice from the rulers of the land !
And that justice will be given,
For the mighty God of heaven
Holds the balances of power in his hand.

Prayers have risen, risen, risen,
From the cotton fields and prison;
Though the overseer stood with lash in hand,
Groaned the overburdened heart;
Not a tear-drop dared to start—
But the Slaves' petition reach'd the glory-land.

They are coming, they are coming,
From away in tangled swamp,
Where the slimy reptile hid its poisonous head;
Through the long night and the day,
They have heard the bloodhounds' bey,
While the morass furnished them an humble bed.

They are coming, rising, rising,
And their progress is surprising,
By their brawny muscles earning daily bread;
Though their wages be a pittance,
Still each week a small remittance,
Builds a shelter for the weary toiling head.

They are coming, they are coming—
Listen ! You will hear the humming
Of the thousands that are falling into line :
There are Doctors, Lawyers, Preachers ;
There are Sculptors, Poets, Teachers—
Men and women, who with honor yet shall shine.

They are coming, coming boldly,
Though the Nation greets them coldly ;
They are coming from the hillside and the plain.
With their scars they tell the story
Of the canebrakes wet and gory,
Where their brothers' bones lie bleaching with
the slain.

They are coming, coming singing,
Their Thanksgiving hymn is ringing.
For the clouds are slowly breaking now away,
And there comes a brighter dawning—
It is liberty's fair morning,
They are coming surely, coming, clear the way.

Yes, they come, their stepping's steady,
And their power is felt already—
God has heard the lowly cry of the oppressed ;
And beneath his mighty frown,
Every wrong shall crumble down,
When the *right* shall triumph and the world be blest !

RT. REV. RICHARD ALLEN.

OUR RICHARD ALLEN in his early youth,
Sought out and found the way of light and truth;
His heart with holy impulse was stirred,
And boldly forth he went to preach the word.

Sometimes he had not even a resting-place—
Footsore and weary, still he cried free grace;
And yet in pastures green the shepherd fed,
And by the cooling stream was often led.

Year after year is born and glides away;
Generations rise and flourish and decay;
Flowers bud and blossom, fade and fall,
But eternal truth outlives them all.

And so a hundred years have passed away,
Since the immortal ALLEN's natal day;
And where he sleeps the sun's departing ray
Long lingers, o'er that hallowed heap of clay.

He came of humble parentage to earth;
A slave was he of meek and lowly birth;
A bondsman dared not even raise his voice,
Nor o'er his young, his darling child rejoice.

But God his promises, has ever kept,
And the foul stigma from this land is swept—
At last the slavish chains forever broke,
And falls at last the bondman's galling yoke.

As they march on you hear their steady tread,
With ALLEN's banner waving overhead;
The cause of Christ to distant islands borne—
O, flourish till the resurrection morn!

PART IV.—OBITUARIES.

HE HATH NEED OF REST!

Why stand aghast,
THIS weeping, wondering throng?
The warrior hath his armor bright lain down,
And now in rapturous song His Master's praise he sings,
While angels sweep their harps of thousands' strings,
The strains prolong:
His fight is over!

He hath need of rest.
His weary bleeding feet,
That trod the field with ever patient tread,
The dewy banks have pressed. They tread the streets
of gold,
His eyes the Saviour's face and smile behold.
Say not that he is dead, but
He hath need of rest!

A goodly fight;
A glorious victory won!
At Jesus' feet the trophies are laid down,
And on the warrior's brow is placed the crown,
For which he bravely, boldly fought,
And heaven's glorious plaudits sought.
Now, with the ransomed blest
His soul finds rest!

Weep ye no more,
Nor stand with bated breath;
Christ will his promise to the faithful keep,
The mighty warrior is but fallen asleep.
He feels no more earth's care and toil and pain,
Our loss is but his everlasting gain.
Arrayed in white, in realms of perfect bliss,
He finds a needed rest.

Eternal joys are his,
Who to the end proves true:
Ye fellow-warriors in the gospel field!
Fight on, nor dare the battle yield;
Press hard the conflict to the gate,
Walk in the narrow path and straight;
Your upward way from morn to even press,
At last ye too shall find
Eternal rest!

REV. ANDREW BROWN, OVER THE
HILL TO REST.

THE fight was at its hottest,
The battle 'gainst the wrong;
The valiant in the contest,
Both vigorous and strong.
Engaged in deadly conflict,
A solid phalanx stood,
A breastworks made of soldiers,
Even soldiers unto God.

Amidst the clang of armor,
And crash of cannon's roar,
There came a sound which echoed,
And spread from shore to shore.
Andrew Brown has fallen,
No confiscate was he;
A captain bold and fearless—
No thought but victory.

He's just received promotion,
To the army in the sky;
He's reached a higher station,
We shall join him by and by.
Then, comrades, do not mourn him,
Drive sorrow from your breast,
Our loss is his eternal gain,
He's o'er the hill at rest.

BISHOP JAMES A. SHORTER.

Lines Suggested by the Death of our Beloved Bishop, JAMES A.
SHORTER, who Died, July 1, 1887.

IT came upon the noontide air,
Like thunder-bolt from clearest skies;
Stout hearts were clad in sore despair,
And floods of tears flowed from all eyes.
Across the States and o'er the plain,
And to the distant Isles it sped;
From mountain height to sea's domain,
Flashed the sad message, "SHORTER'S DEAD!"

From lip to lip the sad news ran,
From every breast arose a sigh;
Awestricken stood the stoutest man,
Till hope bade all look up on high.
God still is just, allwise is He—
What He hath taken He can send;
Bow down in meek humility
And own Him! Trust Him to the end!

Our SHORTER dies—do we say dead?
Nay, only sleeps to wake again!
Though earth affords an humble bed,
With Kings and Princes he shall reign!
He slept not at his duty's post,
Who was a mighty army's head—
He led an ever conquering host—
He sleeps—say not that he is dead!

Heaven stood in need of saint to fill
Some holy office on that day;
And angels, at their sovereign's will,
Quickly to earth they sped away.
They sought one pure and true and good;
They found in SHORTER what they sought;
Pure in his life and love he stood,
And to our sire this message brought:

Thy God to-day hath need of thee,
They whispered gently in his ear;
He looked the shining ones to see,
And smiled while they were hovering near.
His ever-ready sword in hand,
Directed e'er towards evil's breast,
Now laid he down at God's command,
And entered into *peaceful* rest.

The startled millions paused in pain,
Tempted to ask the reason, why
Their noble captain should be slain?
Then out of heaven came this cry:
"White is the harvest on the plain,
And ripe this shock of wheat has grown;
Ye angels reap this perfect grain,
Which I, with mine own hand hath sown.

A MESSAGE TO A LOVED ONE DEAD.

I SEND a message, my worthy Chief,
For I cannot come to thee now.
Though my heart is o'erwhelmed with its weight
of grief,
At God's stern decree I must bow.
They tell me that thou hast fallen asleep,
That thou didst discharge thy whole duty;
They say it is folly to sit here and weep,
For thy life was complete in its beauty.
And purity crowned thy declining years,
And holiness circled thy head—
'Tis folly they say to sit down here in tears,
And grieve o'er the tomb of the dead.

I hear the soft tones of Thy fatherly voice,
Saying: "Cling to the cross, my dear child,"
If after life's labors your soul would rejoice,
In the sunshine of God's presence mild.
No more shall Thy soft voice fall sweet on my ear,
No more in this life shall we meet—
Till Christ in His heavenly Kingdom appear,
And our warfare on earth is complete.

So I send thee this message to-night when I pray,
I'll give it to the angels for thee—
They'll hasten to take it, they will not delay,
To bear it to heaven for me.

I would not arouse thee, I would not awake,
From this thy merited rest;
Sleep soundly thou loved one, thy comfort now take
Upon thy Redeemer's breast!

BEREFT.

FROM my window looked at early dawning,
The sweet breeze stirred and kissed my face;
O, glad is every heart, I thought on this fair morning,
Earth seemed so restful in the morn's embrace.

In grateful attitude I stood imploring,
Sufficient strength for daily care,
My heart was pained at sight of badge of mourning,
That from my neighbor's door, swayed on the air.

It told me the "unbidden guest" had entered,
And claimed the darling of that fold,
In whom their blasted hopes had once been centered,
Life evermore within *that* home was *drear* and *cold*.

I sought the mother in affliction's hour,
My solace offered in her sore distress;
I pointed to the Christ, the only power
To cheer the heart bereft and comfortless.

And in my heart's great deep I pitied her,
Who, though bereft could sympathetic be:
Our mutual tears were shed—I childless was—
And in her inmost soul *SHE pitied me!*

RESTING.

IN MEMORIAM OF MRS. BISHOP TURNER.

WE mouin to-day o'er our sister dead,
But sweet seemed the rest to the weary head;
The hands were calmly laid to rest,
O'er the pulseless bosom and painless breast.
The lips are silent and closely sealed,
The love of the Saviour, her smile revealed;
The weary feet that so often trod
Rough ways that led to the throne of God,
They tire no more, but forever are still;
They've reached the summit of Zion's hill!

Thrice had she come to the river before—
The boatman tarried to take her o'er,
But the voice of loved ones raised in prayer,
Prevailed with the Master her life to spare;
Then through life's day she gladly gleaned,
For the dear Saviour on whom she leaned—
A cup of cold water, or binding a wound,
Samaritan-like she was always found.

Her labors are ended, her trials are o'er,
Her soul has flown to the golden shore,
Where saints are rejoicing in white robes dressed,
And star-decked crowns on their brows are pressed.
Yes, she has passed on to the glory-land,
And bearing the sheaves she has gleaned in her hand;
The conflict is ended, her victory complete,
She casts her crown now at the Lord Christ's feet.

IN MEMORY OF JAMES M. RATHEL.

CAME a stranger late among us,
With us came and cast his lot ;
In the Master's vineyard toiling,
In God's service chose a spot.
Though upon his features ruddy
There was yet the smile of youth,
In his manly bearing steady,
Deep impressed the light of Truth.
He had come to lands far distant,
And with strangers made his home,
But his feet from paths of duty
Never once was known to roam.
Firm of purpose, pleasing manner,
Touched with fire from above,
Holding up the blood-stained banner,
Zealous, full of Christian love.
Like the Master daily went he
Here and thither doing good
In the haunts of vice and mis'ry,
On "the solid Rock" he stood.
Young, but in the battle leading
Older souls who faint had grown ;
With the youthful daily pleading
That the Saviour they should own.
Soon, alas, his work was ended,
By the monster stricken down.
Yet on Christ his hopes depended,
And by faith he saw his crown.

In his dying gained the victory
O'er the grave, and hell, and death;
For his voice was raised in praises,
Even with his latest breath.

Gazing on our fallen brother,
Gazing not with tearless eyes,
Ah! we thought of his fond mother,
Could she in our midst arise
See how loving hands and tender,
Wrought the wreaths of lilies fair,
Stranger hearts groaning with anguish,
Stranger eyes wept many a tear.

Though her heart is sad, but sadder,
For we know it might have been,
Had her boy in shame have fallen,
In iniquity and sin.

But the congregation passing
Slowly by look to gain,
For the last knew that before them
Lay a Christian free from pain.

Pain of earth, and care and sorrow,
From the tempter's snare set free,
Rest thou! In the bright to-morrow
We shall meet in heaven with thee!
Fare thee well and fare thee sweetly,
With the saints in glad array,
Time moves on, bears us fleetly
Towards the Resurrection Day!

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, BEAUFORT,
SOUTH CAROLINA.

I STAND to-day on this historic ground,
Where many thousand heroes now at rest,
Lay in this sea-girt nook, while not a sound
Of life or drum disturbs each pulseless breast.

But in the earth's embrace they calmly sleep,
While peace o'er trees and verdant shrubbery waves,
God's white-robed sentinels doth keep
Their nightly vigil o'er their grassy graves.

And here they lie as in their ranks they stood
Upon the field of carnage, where they fell;
With noble purpose linked in brotherhood,
They broke the bondsman's fetters born of hell.

I read the names engraven here on stone,
Yet some "unknown" appear who fought for right;
But on the records kept on high, not one
"Unknown" is found. They're known there in God's
sight.

"*Requiescat in pace*" until the bugle call,
Shall summon ye with us to meet our God,
"Who taketh note of every sparrow's fall,
And chasteneth whom He loveth with the rod."

SOLACE.

To Minister and Mrs. Lincoln, on the death of their son A. Lincoln.

AS o'er thy loved one now in grief ye bendeth,
A Nation bows with thee, its sorrow lendeth,
That ye, grief-stricken should's not weep alone,
Above the shrouded form of thy dear one.

But, as we shed with thee our silent tears,
For him who bore himself beyond his years,
Hope bids us cease and banisheth our pain,
And pleads your loss, his soul's eternal gain.

The reaper cuts the grain and lovely flowers,
Transplants them in a fairer land than ours.
The path to heaven rendered thus more plain,
Weep not, press on, ye all shall meet again.

He nobly lived nor feared the shad'wy vale,
Defied the white horse with it's rider pale;
The grave no terror hath, and death no sting,
For him who fully trusts in Christ the King.

AN EPITAPH.

WHEN I am gone,
Above me raise no lofty stone
Perfect in human handicraft,
No upward pointing gleaming shaft.
Say this of me, and I be content,
That in the Master's work my life was spent ;
Say not that I was either great or good,
But Mary-like, "She hath done what she
could."



APPENDIX.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS. }
March 24, 1890. }

MY Dear Friend :

Our mutual friend, Mrs. HIGGINSON, has written me, enclosing a Poem, which gives me credit for much more than I deserve, but for which I thank thee. It is a pleasant gift to express, as thee can, thy thoughts in verse among thy friends and acquaintances. In this way poetry is its own great reward—it blesses and is blest.

I am very glad to give the “token” asked for in thy little poem, by signing my name, with every good wish from thy aged friend.

John G. Whittier.

REPLY TO WHITTIER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. }
April 2d, 1890. }

To my Esteemed and Honored Friend :

I now assume the pleasantest duty of my life, that of acknowledging the cordial receipt of your most inestimable favor of recent date

Cognizant of the weight of years you bear, I will not burden you with a long letter, while my heart out of its fullness dictates to me faster than my fingers are able to trace; but my joy is *full*; my gratitude *unbounded*.

I should certainly have congratulated myself upon being so fortunate as to have obtained even your name from thine own hand, and a *letter*, such as thee wrote me, freighted with rich advice and kindly recognition is PRICELESS.

God Bless Thee, and may thy passage to the land of the blest be upon a calm sea with zephyrs laden with the perfume of thy noble life's deeds to waft thy spirit's bark onward, and over Jordan.

Gratefully Thine,

Josie D. Heard.

OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER, }
Philadelphia April 2nd, 1890. }

To Mrs. Josie D. Heard :

DEAR MADAM—Learning that you are about to publish in book form the Poetic Writings which, from time to time, you have contributed to the *Christian Recorder* and other journals, and others which have not appeared in print I write to congratulate you, and to say that, as, “Snow Bound,” “Maud Muller,” “Evangeline” and “Miles Standish,” are now recited in the Public Schools; so, in the future may be, “To Whittier” and “Retrospect.”

Already one of your Poems has been selected from the *Christian Recorder*, by an Afro-American youth to be read in a Pennsylvania School, whose teacher and a majority of whose pupils are white I am

Very Respectfully Yours,

B. F. Lee.

2-CROMWELL HOUSES, }
London, April 15th, 1890. }

Mrs. Josie D. Heard :

I thank you and answer you, that we appreciate most deeply the expression of your sympathy in our great affliction.

Very Truly Yours,

Robert J. Lincoln.

DOXOLOGY.

GREAT God accept our gratitude,
For the great gifts on us bestowed—
For raiment, shelter and for food.

L. M.

Great God, our gratitude we bring,
Accept our humble offering,
For all the gifts on us bestowed,
Thy name be evermore adored.

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